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Songs from the German.

[Translated for the recent Singer-Fest at Providence,
by J. S. D.]

I.

THE SINGER'S GREETING.

O, still the strong old oaks are standing,
All sound at heart, and rooted fast;
Hark! with the rustling branches blending,
A greeting from th' heroic Past!
Ye leafy aisles, high arching o'er us,
Give answer back, in ringing chorus!
In storm and gloom
Lo! here a home;
Here Freedom's hearth, high blazing yet,
By Hermann's quenchless valor lit;
Here Faith's firm rock, and Love's retreat;
Here Song's perpetual abode!
Thy sacred dome with songs we greet:
O flourish long, thou green old wood!

Thee, too, starry-eyed young Maiden,
In the cottage small and neat,
Maiden modest, chaste, and sweet,
Pure as diamond, thee we greet!
Ev'ry wave of song is laden
With some lustrous pearls for thee;
Crowned with honor shalt thou be;
Love's divinest minstrelsy
Here at thy dear feet be laid!
And God bless thee, lovely maid!

Where, hand in hand, true men are meeting
For brothers' weal, for law, for right;
Where joyfully all hearts are beating,
As through the clouds out breaks the light;
Where strength and courage, bravely fighting,
A bleeding country's wrongs are righting;
Where, battle's done,
And victory won,—
There roars the German sea of song
In surging billows, deep and strong.
—Then, singers, sing with all your power.
Long live the Union of the Free!
And long remembered be the hour!
God bless thee, heart of Liberty!

II.

SONG OF UNION.

Why meet all the singers in gladsome array?
What means the high pledge of alliance?
For Fatherland's weal hold we council to-day,
Or in arms breathe to tyrants defiance?
Shall Germany now in her majesty rise,
The freest and happiest land 'neath the skies?

The word of To-day in our hearts cherish we:
Free Fatherland—be our endeavor!
But here we've a land that is already free,
A joy fairly won and forever;
And all who their voices and hearts here unite
Are peers of the realm and are equal in right.

So jubilant songs we together will sing,
And homage to Love duly render;
For she is the rosy-lipp'd Queen of the Spring,
And her's be the feast, full of splendor,
Who thrills with true fire this terrestrial ball
And sheds a bright halo of youth over all!

Soft strains full of yearning resound thro' the hall,
And heavenly harmonies ravish;
But 'tis not on Love's sweet enchantment that all

The wealth of our song we may lavish:—

A manlier Love, like the ocean, the air,
In mighty embrace clasps the good and the fair.

Hail, Ocean of Song! roll in might on the shore,
All nations in unity binding;
Thy sound never dies, to the stars shall it soar,
O'er the clouds true Elysium finding;
Lightly on thro' all time the sweet melody floats,
And joy borrows beauty and sense from its notes.

Mozart's "Il Seraglio."

When Mozart gave his first German opera to the world—on the 12th of July, 1782—he had scarcely completed the first half of his twenty-seventh year. Beethoven was a boy of twelve; sixteen years were to elapse before Haydn produced his *Creation*, and ten before the birth of Rossini. Gluck had relinquished active life, and was spending the remainder of his days in honored leisure at Vienna. The Emperor Joseph II., whom history has loved to represent as the *pater et princeps*, the *presidium et dulce decus*, at once the Augustus and Mæneas of the arts, and especially of music—though in truth he could only appreciate and was only liberal to Italians—was the reigning potentate; and under his rule music flourished if musicians starved. Mozart had but just escaped the ignominious thralldom of the Erzbischof Sigismund Schrattenbach, to seek for what he obtained seven years later, a place at Court with modest appointments, serving the Kaiser in the interval as a cheap wonder-show, to be exhibited according to Imperial caprice, for such entertainment of such Imperial guests as might happen to care for music. That—as the late Alexander Oulibicheff, Mozart's Russian biographer and enthusiastic panegyrist, asserts—we owe *Die Entführung* to a strong desire on the part of Joseph II. that Germany as well as Italy should possess an independent lyric drama, and to the steps taken in consequence, is most likely true. The *Letters*, however, by no means warrant the positive assertion of Oulibicheff, that it was the Emperor himself who submitted to Mozart the operetta by Bretzner which Stephanie and the composer together moulded into the shape it ultimately assumed. In a letter from Mannheim (Jan. 10, 1778) we first read of Joseph's scheme for establishing a German Opera, and it was not till four years later that Mozart succeeded in gaining an interview with His Majesty. But without inquiring curiously into this matter, we may safely assume that to Joseph II. Germany and music are indebted more or less directly for the earliest German opera worthy the name.

"My opera was given again yesterday (and indeed at Gluck's request)"—writes Mozart to his father at Salzburg, Aug. 7, 1782. "Gluck paid me many compliments upon it. I dine with him to-morrow." The opera upon which the composer of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, *Armide*, and the *Iphigénies*, two years after quitting Paris for ever, and five after the production of his greatest work, thus complimented the man who had already equalled, and in some respects surpassed him, was *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, produced at Vienna about a month before the letter was written from which the above passages are

* "*Bei ihm ist nichts als Salieri*"—writes Mozart, in his disappointment at not getting the Princess of Würtemberg for a pupil (Dec. 15, 1781).

† It was not till after the death of Hofcapellmeister Gluck (Nov. 15, 1787), that Mozart was appointed chamber musician (*Kammermusikus*), at an annual salary of 800 gulden. And yet *Don Giovanni* had been produced!

‡ *Mozart's Briefe, nach den Originalen herausgegeben.* Von Ludwig Nohl.

§ *Idomeneo* had been given at Munich in 1781.

taken. Despite the Italian cabal which so insidiously and perseveringly intrigued against the far too promising young German, *Die Entführung* had obtained a genuine success with the public, and Gluck seems to have acquiesced in the public verdict. Whether the invitation to dinner may be accepted as a criterion of sincerity is hardly worth discussing, though it would be interesting to know much more than can be gathered from the *Letters* about the personal relations between the old king of lyric drama ("*Der grosse Reformator der dramatischen Musik*") and the rival destined to wear his crown before he had virtually abdicated. We should like, too, to be made acquainted with Mozart's own private opinion about Gluck's music, a point on which the composer of *Don Giovanni* is vexatiously reticent. In a letter dated March 12, 1783, however, we hear of more praises and another invitation to dinner. This was at a concert given by Madame Lange, the composer's sister-in-law, at which he played a concerto, Madame Lange sang an *aria*, and, adds Mozart, "*Ich gab auch meine Sinfonie vom Concert Spirituel dazu*"*—or, as Lady Wallace translates it, "I also played the symphony I wrote for the Concert Spirituel" (vol. ii., page 183). Gluck, it appears, who was in a box near the one occupied by Mozart's wife and the Langes, could not praise the symphony and *aria* enough, and straightway invited the two couples to dine with him on the Sunday following. These manifestations of sympathy at least go far to prove that the two musicians were socially on pleasant terms with each other, and that the setting luminary was not in hostile antagonism to the rising one. It is a matter of surprise, indeed, to many that Gluck did not confide to Mozart, rather than to Salieri, the task of composing the grand opera called *Les Danaïdes*, which he had pledged himself to write for Paris, but which he abandoned at the last moment, as an undertaking beyond his powers. Perhaps some cynics may think that Mozart would have been too brilliant a deputy for the conqueror of Piccini; and perhaps they are not far wrong. It was easier to outshine Piccini than not to be eclipsed by Mozart. On the other hand, Salieri had taken lessons from Gluck, while Mozart had received lessons from no one of any account except his money-seeking father, who, by dragging him over the world in his childhood and showing him about from place to place as a phenomenon, in all likelihood planted those seeds in his constitution which at the end brought about his lamentably early death.

The published letters of Mozart contain nothing more interesting than the account he gives of how he set to work on, and how he advanced with, the composition of *Die Entführung*. The subject, which, after considerable difficulty, was selected for him by Stephanie, at that time "*Inspicient*," afterwards "*Régisseur*" of the German Opera in Vienna, pleased him exceedingly. The name of the little comedy with music, by Bretzner, upon which they founded the libretto was *Belmont und Konstanze, oder Die Verführung aus dem Serail*. Mozart was satisfied with it for several reasons. It gave him, in Belmont and Konstanze, a pair of lovers of the genuine sort—a cavalier, *amator amice mancipium* after his own heart, and a lady fit to put on the chains her *inamorato* is but too content to wear. Mozart generally treated love from the point of view of the tenderest sentiment. *Amore nihil mollius*—only half the apophthegm of St.

‡ Mozart himself speaks about his seventeenth performance. * Symphony in D, written for and performed at the Concerts Spirituels, in Paris—July, 1778.

† "*Er konnte die Sinfonie und die Arie nicht genug loben.*" Lady Wallace says—"he was vehement in his praise," &c. Why "vehement"?

Bernard—was his motto; he ignored the *nihil violentius*. And what songs he found for Belmont! There is nothing in music more expressively melodious than the air in which the amorous swain, all sighs, describes the passion that consumes him ("O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig!") Mozart himself, not given, except under provocation to self-praise, speaks, rapturously about this air, in a letter to his father (September 26, 1781). It was designed expressly to show off to advantage the voice and style of the famous tenor, Adamberger, and, as the composer tells us, was the favorite with all who had heard it, as well as himself. Even the *bravura* songs for Constanze, which Mozart was compelled to write in order to flatter the self-esteem of a certain Mlle. Cavalieri (German in spite of her name), are full of the same tender grace; and it is a pity that the most beautiful of them, the recitative and air in G minor, "*Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lese*" (Act II.), should be precisely the one which is omitted in the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. Then Blonde and Pedrillo afforded the fertile genius of our composer an opportunity of exhibiting itself in another light. The servants of Constanze and Belmont are, as a matter of course, in love; but how different is their love from the impassioned utterances of their betters! As Shakspeare could make each type of humanity speak, so could Mozart make each type of humanity sing after its kind. The airs assigned to Blonde, charming as they are—one of them indeed ("*Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln*"), perhaps, a thought high-flown for "my lady's lady"—would never have been given by Mozart to Constanze; still less would he have dreamed of allotting any of the music of Pedrillo to Belmont. He has treated them both lovingly, nevertheless. If Pedrillo had nothing else to sing than the deliciously quaint romance in the last act, "*Im Mohrenland gefangen war ein Müll hübsch und fein*," he would be precious to musicians. This has been called "the song in many keys," and not inappropriately. In each verse it touches upon no less than seven—B minor, D, A, C, G, F sharp minor, F sharp major, and again B minor, finishing, by an unexpected transition, in D—and all in the most natural way possible. But Pedrillo has also a share of that wonderfully comic duet, "*Vivat Bacchus!*" in the situation where he makes the watchful gardener drunk—the "*Sauf-Duett*"—"welches in Nichts als in meinem türkischen Zapfenstreich besteht" ("which consists of nothing but my Turkish tattoo"), as it is described in the letter already cited, one of the longest and most interesting in the collection. Osmin was another cause of satisfaction to Mozart. Not only could he now contrast the two pairs of lovers with each other, but introduce a fresh element in his music opposed alike to either. That keen sense of humor, the possession of which has been unjustly denied to him, found the happiest expression in his musical treatment of Osmin. Of the songs composed for that functionary, the first (the well-known "*Questi avventurieri infami*"), where the irritable old servant works himself up into an ebullition of rage, and the last (the no less familiar "*O, wie will ich triumphiren*"), where he exults in the discomfiture and gloats on the anticipated punishment of the lovers, are of course the most important, both from a musical and dramatic point of view. Our favorite, nevertheless, is the ballad in three verses, with a different accompaniment to each verse ("*Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden*")—Act I., which grows into a duet with Belmont, whose importunate questionings exasperate Osmin more and more, till he explodes in one of his constitutional fits. The turn of this melody is such that we wonder the omnivorous Mr. William Chappell should not have claimed it long ago, as genuine "old English," and put it in his book.

His favorite quintet of dramatic personages thus completed, the way in which, after endowing each with a strong individuality, Mozart blends them together in his concerted music, may easily be understood by those who are aware that he is the greatest master of combination whom the art has known. Though the texture

of *Il Seraglio* is much less elaborately interwoven than that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it still displays the unequalled ingenuity of its author: and while the most salient characteristics of the opera are its wealth of melody, its dramatic *verve*, and its discrimination of character, it contains some concerted pieces—three duets (besides the notable "*Zapfenstreiche*"), a trio, a quartet, and a *finale*—which are indelibly stamped with the genius of Mozart. A sixth personage—Selim, the good-natured Pasha, who, after a little show of wrath, pardons the violation of his harem's sanctity, and lets the lovers go, to the surprise and indignation of the jealous Osmin—does not help the composer much; but Selim is necessary to the dramatic action, and without him we should not have had the spirited and truly characteristic "*türkische Musik*"—the overture, "*ganz kurz*," but deliciously fresh, and the choruses of Janissaries, just as short and just as good. It was this union of various incentives to musical expression which directly took the fancy of Mozart, who, in a letter in which he tells his father, with boyish delight, that Stephanie has at last found a subject for his opera, says—"Das Buch ist ganz gut." Those who differ from the great musician will readily forgive him, for never was want of judgment, if want of judgment must be laid to his charge, more gracefully redeemed.—*London Musical World*.

An Academy of Music.

(From the Evening Post, New York.)

That they are to have a new Opera House is certain; but this will not give us, except in name, an Academy of Music. Nevertheless, if any city in the world ought to have a real Academy of Music, it is certainly New York. It has more available material than any other. It has a larger constituency—that is to say, its metropolitan influence extends over a vaster territory and a more numerous population. Except London and Paris, there is no other city in the civilized world that has so many millions of people placed under contribution to its wealth, power and influence.

Some years may pass before we have an Academy of Music which shall do the service to be expected from such an institution; but the day cannot be far off. The public spirit and culture which created our Central Park will yet achieve for the city some other things in the same line—a Zoological Garden, for instance, public baths, and, though last named by us here, the first in importance, a properly endowed and organized Academy of Music.

The dominant idea of such an Academy should, we suppose, be that of a normal school of music, in which not only music should be taught, but also and especially the art of teaching music. At the same time it should be a national University of Music, the graduates of which should receive degrees—so conferred as to constitute a decisive evidence of real merit, proportionate to the rank conferred. In its character of normal school the Academy should develop the best methods of teaching music in all its branches and departments, not overlooking, of course, what has already been accomplished in this direction, notably, by the *Conservatoire* of Paris. Instead of making itself in any sense or degree a crib for a few idle professors and masters to fatten in, it should vigorously aim at the widest possible diffusion of musical taste and musical culture. It should seek, therefore, to popularize music, by developing the most economical as well as the best methods of instruction.

It is rarely, indeed, that these two qualifications do not more or less coincide. Whenever, for example, the method of teaching in classes can be made applicable at all, it soon becomes as superior in excellence as it is in economy. This is especially so in regard to the art of singing at sight. Few ever acquire this art by the costly methods of personal and individual instruction; partly, perhaps, because it is not well understood by the professors themselves. Yet it is one which, by a method elaborated upon sound principles, might, at very moderate expense, be made as universal as reading common print.

A true Academy of Music ought not only to elaborate such a system, making use, of course, of all that has been already done in that direction by Wilhelm, Mainzer, Hullah, Hickson and others, but also educate teachers expressly to introduce this art into our common school system. Much of the excellence of the system of public school education in Germany is due to its universal adoption of Music, and especially of vocal music, in its curriculum. Instrumental music may also, to a certain extent, be thus popularized, greatly to the advantage of the public taste and morals. But it is of secondary importance; the art of reading vocal music at sight it is most urgently important to popularize.

While deriving a portion of its income, possibly a considerable part, from the fees of pupils who could afford to pay for the instruction received, an Academy of Music really worthy of New York should have a large number of free scholarships, the right to compete for which would furnish an important, and, indeed, an indispensable stimulus to the pupils in the public schools. Our musical education ought to be so systematized that no talent of any importance should ever be debarred the chance of rising, by the want either of instruction or of opportunities. Our Academy should therefore institute from the first a system of free instruction, and free and ample opportunities for performance. The performances themselves should be regarded, also, as an integral element in the general system of public education. At all events, a refined and classic taste should preside over the whole Academy in all its departments.

The same spirit would naturally regulate the smallest details, even to the publication of correct, well-edited libretti of the operas. These might easily be made really useful incentives and aids to the study of Italian, essentially the language of music and of song. Those now sold are ridiculous, and ought to offend the intelligence and culture of our operatic audiences. Quite as strong condemnation will apply to the great bulk of the instruction books for the different branches of music, now published. It would have been a real boon to the American public if nineteen-twentieths of them had perished with the Opera House.

Of course, the public performances of such an institution as we have tried to sketch would culminate in Grand Opera. But then they ought to include also every other branch of music. The symphony and the oratorio ought to be produced upon a scale worthy of this great city and the vast continent of which it is the commercial, and in many respects the social, though scarcely, as things now are, the musical metropolis, and made fairly accessible to the people. Even the madrigal and the glee, adapted specially to social gatherings and the domestic circle, ought to be appropriately presented in the performances, as well as taught in the lessons of a true Academy of Music, which should illustrate all its teachings by performances, of the highest style of excellence. Instrumental chamber music, therefore, the classical quartets, &c., ought also to have a place. In every branch of music performances of the highest excellence ought to be made accessible to the people, thus only can a taste for the pure classical, intellectual music be created and developed.

The Louisville Singing Festival.

[Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Weekly Review.]

Whatever may be said against these musical gatherings, from a strictly artistic point of view, it cannot be denied that socially they are of vast importance. The very fact that every year thousands come together, often travelling great distances and sacrificing money and time, in order to shake hands, to sing together, to drink a social cup, and to foster the sentiment of brotherhood, is in itself a sufficient proof of the highly humanizing and beneficial character of such assemblies. The festival just concluded at Louisville illustrated this truth in the most substantial manner. Perhaps for the first time there was such a true and enthusiastic mingling of the two elements forming the society of that lively city. The old antagonistic feeling of foreigner and native received, in this first festival, a heavier shock than from all the

political and other attacks which have been directed against it. This seemed to be admitted on both sides, and even found an echo in the two important speeches, which were made on the occasion, the one by Prof. Heilman, a German gentleman of culture and refinement, who responded to the welcome of the Mayor, and the other by the Rev. Mr. Heywood, a Kentuckian and an eminent resident of Louisville. The German veteran, General Willich, spoke to the same effect, as also did Dr. Wiesner, from Chicago, and General Jefferson C. Davis, the military commander of the department of Kentucky. All these men of distinction gave utterance to the one prevailing feeling—a disposition to look upon this festival as the basis of a new era of social and political unity. It was in view of this feeling that the American as well as foreign portion of the residents of Louisville vied with each other to give their guests the heartiest welcome.

Musically the festival offered about the same features which are common to all these gatherings. There were the customary processions, the display of banners and silver-cups, the torchlight promenade, the serenades, the usual amount of good, bad, and indifferent impromptu speeches, the great Pic Nic, &c. There was also the prize-singing, the source of much trouble, envy and jealousy among the societies, the cause of a great deal of unnecessary excitement, and yet perhaps the chief attraction for most of the singers. If there must be prize-singing, it ought to be modified. As it is, it will never do true justice to the really deserving singers. The true test would be to let every club sing the same song; but as this would become after all highly tedious even to the most enthusiastic admirers of German part-singing, a committee ought to select four songs, of various degrees of difficulty, and these should be entrusted to three societies which have really the necessary culture to do justice to them. This is, of course, only a suggestion upon a theme which will bear a great deal of remark, and we hope our German friends will give it their full consideration. The following is the programme of the first concert, conducted by Mr. Hart, of Louisville.

- 1 Overture—William Tell.....Rossini
- 2 Night Wanderings.....Fr. Abt
- 3 The Court of Justice.....Zollner
- 4 In the Beautiful Month of May.....Zimmerman
- 5 Stille. Stille.....C. A. Weber
- 6 E-Flat Concerto, piano with orchestra.....Beethoven
- 7 Waldabendschein—Dedicated to the Liederkreis by.....Fr. Abt
- 8 Morning Dawn.....H. Weyd
- 9 Frühlings Landschaft.....Jul. Otto
- 10 Sanger Gruss.....Fr. Abt
- 11 Oh, sah ich außer Heide dort.....F. Knecker
- 12 Larghetto—Out of D Major Symphony.....Beethoven
- 13 Young Love.....L. Grose
- 14 Still ist die Nacht.....Fr. Abt
- 15 Den Schönen.....A. Reinhardt
- 16 Morgenglück.....Fr. Abt
- 17 Ständchen.....Jul. Otto
- 18 Wie hab ich sie geliebt.....Möhring
- 19 Nachklang und Sehnsucht.....Kreutzer
- 20 Des Schillers Traum.....Fr. Abt
- 21 Der frohe Wandersmann.....Mendelssohn
- 22 Overture—Tannhäuser.....R. Wagner

Abt was more frequently represented than might be called desirable in the cause of true art. Mendelssohn was represented in but one song, performed by the Cincinnati Junger Maennerchor, under the direction of Mr. Elsnor. Most of the singing could be called satisfactory, with the exception of that of two or three societies, which might as well have been absent. The East had sent but one society, the New York Liederkreis, whose singing produced an immense effect and was made a theme of general comment by the audience. As to accentuation, intonation and precision, light and shade, and musical understanding, their singing was undoubtedly the best offered of the evening. Yet they did not receive the first prize, which, we understand, was given to a society of St. Louis—out of deference to the wish of the conductor, Mr. Sobolewsky, who holds a prominent position in that city.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn did not play in the first concert, owing to some difficulty in the orchestra, but he succeeded in performing in the second, or so-called

prize vocal concert, and in spite of the difficulties which an orchestra brought together from a great many cities must have offered him, he produced a deep impression with the great work—probably never before heard in this part of the country. All those, who have the interests of true musical art at heart, must thank him for the firmness with which he withstood the suggestion of some musical people in Louisville to perform rather a brilliant modern piece than a concerto, whose merits at the moment at least would not be appreciated by most of the audience. Mr. Wolfsohn had nevertheless a genuine success with his task, which he performed in a true artistic style.

Here is the programme of the second concert, conducted by Mr. Sobolewsky.

- 1 Overture—Egmont.....Beethoven
- 2 Festive Song (To the Artists—An die Künstler).....Mendelssohn
- 3 E-Flat Concerto—by Karl Wolfsohn.....Beethoven
- 4 Jubel Overture.....Weber
- 5 Jauchzend erhebt sich die Sonne.....Mohr
- 6 Overture to Fingalhühle.....Mendelssohn
- 7 Die Geisterschlacht (Battle of Spirits).....Kretschmar
- 8 Overture to Robespierre.....Hoff
- 9 Die deutsche Schwert (German Sword).....Schubert
- 10 Des Sängers Parole (Singer's Parole).....Beethoven

The vocal part of the performance was fairly performed and seemed to give most satisfaction.

The following days were devoted to the distribution of the prizes, excursion to the celebrated Mammoth Cave, and meetings of the delegates of the "Saengerbund" in order to adopt measures for the arrangements of the next festival, which will take place in Indianapolis. A resolution was adopted that in future no prizes should be awarded to the contending societies, as these awards generally, nay always, create dissatisfaction among the singers and thus mar the pleasures of the festivals.

The New Organ at Plymouth Church.

(From the New York Tribune, July 30.)

The new organ in Plymouth Church is, we believe, the second largest in the country, containing, besides the mechanical arrangements, over 50 speaking stops. (The schedule we have already given.)

The capacity of this organ is in every way admirable. Its mechanical arrangements embrace every useful novelty in use either in this country or in Europe. The water arrangements for supplying the wind are absolutely perfect. The pressure can be graduated by the organist in an instant, and the supply is uniform and unailing. The swell pedal being placed in the centre, instead of at the side, is a great improvement in facilitating its use.

The private exhibition on Friday evening enabled us to judge of many of the specialties of the organ, and also of its general power. It was exhibited by Mr. John H. Wilcox of Boston, an organist of brilliant powers, and also a practical organ builder. Mr. Wilcox, we understand, drew the entire scheme of the Plymouth Church organ, and has supervised its construction and its erection. The task undertaken by Mr. Wilcox was not a light one, for he had to display the organ and not himself, though in so doing he gave proof of the versatility of his imagination, and of his control over all the resources of the instrument. The first burst of the full organ, with that wonderful stop, the Tuba Mirabilis, was startling and exciting; more, perhaps, from its extreme brilliancy than from its deep and rolling grandeur of sound. Its brilliance exceeds, we think, anything we have ever heard. A hundred silver trumpets seemed flooding the church with their bright, piercing tones. Immediately succeeding this magnificent burst of power, the volume of tone fell to a mere whisper, displaying a purity of quality that could not be exceeded. Then as his fancy suggested, Mr. Wilcox exhibited the various solo stops, introducing them through themes suggested by their characteristic timbres, separated by interludes, in which he displayed the qualities of the several manuals in their simple integrity, without coupling, and introduced, with fine effect, the crescendo and diminuendo pedal—a power, in the hands of a competent organist, exceeding that of any orchestra, for no increase of that power can be so finely graduated by human power of lips, as is now achieved by mechanism. The performance closed with a bold subject, in which strongly contrasted effects of the full, medium and minimum power of the instrument in alternation were finely brought out by the performer. When we consider the length of the extemporaneous performance, its well-maintained continuity, and the constant demand on the manual dexterity by the rapid changes of stops and combinations, we must award to Mr. Wilcox the highest praise. In set pieces the changes and combinations are arranged in advance, but in this case all the solo

resources of the organ were exhausted, and numerous combinations prepared on the spur of the moment. With so much to do, in so short a space of time comparatively, it could hardly be expected that Mr. Wilcox could carry out or elaborate his subject, but he displayed a fertile fancy, and his modulations, in which he never wavered or halted, proved him to be a thorough and accomplished harmonist. As we have said, he varied his subjects in accordance with the character of the instrument; he also varied the style of music, skillfully contrasting the severe church style with the florid and romantic.

The building of this organ is a masterpiece of workmanship; in some respects it can nowhere be excelled. As in the organ of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, the *vox humana* is wonderfully beautiful, and certainly surpasses that in the organ in the Boston Music Hall. It has all the effect of a choir of well-trained voices, and the illusion is so complete, that we fancy we hear the sacred words breathed to the exquisite music. The *Oboe*, the *Euphone*, the *Viol di Gamba*, the *Vox Angelica*, the *Philomela*, the *Clarionette*, &c., are all characteristically beautiful. The diapasons are rich and sonorous, and singularly pure and fine in quality. We are, however, inclined to think that the character of the organ is rather brilliant than choral; that the foundation is scarcely sufficient for the superstructure, more especially when in conjunction with the *Tuba Mirabilis*, which we think is a little too brilliantly voiced. The size of the church is not favorable for the development of the graver power of the organ, while the brighter stops strike the ear at once. With the ample space at the command of the congregation, it would have been easy to extend the church twenty or thirty feet in the rear, which would have afforded fair space for the development of the powers of this magnificent organ. As it is, it is manifestly too large for the building.

(From the Tribune, Aug. 2.)

The official opening of the large organ built by the Hooks of Boston for the Plymouth Church, took place on Tuesday evening. The church was crowded in every part, as might have been expected, as beside the congregation who were naturally anxious to hear their organ displayed by master hands, a large number of invitations were issued to outside parties. The desire that the services of Mr. George W. Morgan should be secured was so generally expressed, that Mr. Beecher yielded to the pressure, and engaged him at his own expense for the occasion. The other performers were Mr. J. Wilcox and Mr. Muller, the organist of the church.

In our previous notice we stated that "the foundation of the organ was not of sufficient strength to sustain the brilliant superstructure," but we did not press this point, because the style of Mr. Wilcox is essentially brilliant, and we thought that the latent strength, if any, might yet be developed by other organists of a different school. Such was not the case. On the contrary, the more dramatic and powerfully contrasted the playing, the more evident it became that our first judgment was correct. When we read the scheme we were half satisfied that the choral parts of the organ, the Diapasons and the pedal manual were insufficient to balance the superstructure, fancy stops, &c. The Hooks in their scheme here sacrificed solid grandeur of power to show and brilliancy. In the brilliant points, as we have said before, the organ is truly beautiful. The voicing of the solo stops cannot be surpassed; each stop is a separate and distinguishing excellence. But this alone does not make a great organ. Brilliancy will do well enough for mere solo exhibition, but for the true and noble in art, and for the just support of a large choir more weight is wanted in the middle and lower portions of the organ. More diapason power is wanted to the great organ, and at least three or four more powerful stops in the pedals. The 32-feet pipes, which should be felt, are not, probably for want of sufficient pressure, while the "tuba mirabilis," a magnificent stop, from over-pressure speaks so peremptorily that it is impossible to introduce it harmoniously or blendingly, as it stands out immediately alone. It is not only bright and brilliant, but somewhat blatant. If this were moderated and the necessary strength added, Hooks' Plymouth Church organ would stand the test of the severest criticism, and might challenge the whole country to match it. These changes and additions which we consider necessary would cost some money, and this the builders could not afford, for the work has been so faithfully and splendidly executed that we doubt if they have realized any profit. When we say that the pneumatic action cost over \$3,000, it may well be imagined that their profit must be very small, if any. But they have produced an organ which, in point of perfection of mechanism, in action and the well-considered contrivances for the production and the re-

gulation of power, and in the perfect voicing of the solo stops, cannot be excelled here or elsewhere.

Mr. Wilcox was not up to his usual standard in his opening solo; he appeared to be nervous; but in his subsequent improvisation, in which he displayed the various exquisite solo stops, he recovered himself, and justified the eulogiums we bestowed on him in our first article. He was warmly applauded, and received the honor of an encore.

Mr. George W. Morgan displayed his perfect mastery of the organ, *per se*. Although the instrument was almost entirely new to him, he handled it in a perfectly familiar way, making and varying his combinations with the utmost ease and rapidity. Under his hands the organ spoke all that it could speak, and although the absence of due weight was inevitably apparent, his performances were brilliant in the extreme.

Senators in Council on the Fine Arts.

WORKS OF ART AT THE CAPITOL—A BLIND APPROPRIATION IN SPITE OF BETTER COUNSEL.

In the *Washington Globe* we find the report of a long debate held in the United States Senate, in the evening session of July 27, on a proposition to appropriate \$10,000 for a full-length statue of Abraham Lincoln, to be executed by a young Western girl. It was opposed, on grounds of economy and of Art, by Senators Sumner, Howard and Edwards, but advocated with unreasoning zeal and unscrupulous personality by Messrs. McDougall, Cowan, Nesmith, Conness, and other Western Senators, and finally carried by a large majority, having already passed the House. The result in all human probability will be, (considering the inexperience of the artist, who never yet has modelled a full-length figure, and considering the warning we have in a similar experiment that stands in front of Boston State House), that the place for the true statue of our Martyr President at the Capitol will be long preoccupied by something which it may cost much 'charity' to pronounce a success, even though there should be genius in it. The Senatorial debate was so interesting that we wish we could copy the whole report. As it is, we sacrifice other matter to make room for some of the principal portions.

....The Senate, as in Committee of the Whole, resumed the consideration of the joint resolution, authorizing a contract with Winnie Ream for a statue of Abraham Lincoln.

MR. SUMNER. Some evenings ago, sir, I made an attempt to secure an appropriation of \$10,000 in behalf of worthy public servants in one of the Departments of this Government.In refusing it you acted on a sentiment of economy.

Now, sir, a proposition is brought forward to appropriate that identical sum of \$10,000 to be applied to the production of a work of art. I speak of it now in the most general way. If there was any assurance that the work in question could be worthy of so large a sum, if there was any reason to imagine that the favorite who is to be the beneficiary under this resolution, was really competent to execute such a work, still, at this time and under circumstances by which we are surrounded, I might well object to its passage simply on reasons of economy; surely this argument is not out of place.

But, sir, there is another aspect of this question to which you will pardon me if I allude. I enter upon it with great reluctance. I am unwilling to utter a word that would bear hard upon any one, least of all upon a youthful artist where sex imposes reserve, if not on her part, at least on mine; but when a proposition like this is brought forward I am bound to meet it frankly.

Each Senator of course must act on his own judgment and the evidence before him. Each must be responsible to his own conscience for the vote that he gives. Now, sir, with the little knowledge that I have of such things, with the small opportunities that I have enjoyed of observing works of art, and with the moderate acquaintance that I have enjoyed with artists, I am bound to express my opinion that this candidate is not competent to produce the work which you propose to order. You might as well place her on the staff of General Grant, or put General Grant aside and place her on horseback in his stead. She cannot do it. She might as well contract to furnish an epic poem, or the draft of a bankrupt bill. I am pained to be constrained to say what

I do, but when you press this to a vote you leave me no alternative. Admit that she may make a statue, she cannot make one that you will be justified in placing in this national Capitol. Promise is not performance, but what she has done thus far comes under the first head rather than the latter. Surely this edifice, so beautiful and interesting, should not be opened to the experiments of untried talent. Only the finished artists should be invited to its ornamentation.

Sir, I doubt if you consider enough the character of this edifice in which we are now assembled. Possessing the advantage of an incomparable situation, it is one of the first-class structures in the world. Surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, with the Potomac at its feet, it resembles the capitol in Rome, surrounded by the Alban hills, with the Tiber at its feet. But the situation is grander than that of the Roman capitol. The edifice itself is worthy of the situation. It has beauty of form and sublimity in proportions, even if it lacks originality in conception. In itself it is a work of art. It ought not to receive in the way of ornamentation anything which is not a work of art. Unhappily this rule has not always prevailed, or there would not be so few pictures and marbles about us worthy of the place they occupy. But bad pictures and ordinary marbles should warn us against adding to their number.

Pardon me if I call your attention for one moment to the few works of art in the Capitol which we might care to preserve. Beginning with the Vice President's room, which is nearest to us, we find an excellent and finished portrait of Washington by Peale. This is much less known than the familiar portrait by Stuart, but it is well worthy to be cherished. I never enter the room where it is without feeling its presence. Traversing the corridors, we find ourselves in the spacious Rotunda, where are four pictures by Trumbull, truly historic in character, in which the great scenes they portray live again before us. These pictures have a merit of their own which will always justify for them the place they now occupy. Mr. Randolph, with an ignorant levity, once characterized that which represents the signing of the Declaration of Independence as a "shin-piece." He should have known that there is probably no picture, having so many portraits, less obnoxious to such a gibe. If these pictures do not belong to the highest forms of art, they can never fail to be regarded with interest by the patriot citizen, if not by the artist. There is one other picture in the Rotunda which is not without merit; I refer to the Landing of the Pilgrims by Weir, where there is a certain beauty of color and a religious sentiment; but this picture has always seemed to me too exaggerated to be natural. Passing from the Rotunda to the Hall of the House of Representatives we stand before a picture, which, as a work of art, is perhaps the choicest of all in the Capitol. It is the portrait of La Fayette, by that consummate artist, who was one of the glories of France, Airy Scheffer. He sympathized with our institutions; and this portrait of the early friend of our country was a present from the artist to the people of the United States. Few who look at it by the side of the Speaker's chair are aware that it is the production of the rare genius which gave to art the *Christus Consolator* and the *Francesca da Rimini*.

If we turn from painting to sculpture, we shall find further reason for caution. The lesson is taught especially by that work of the Italian Persico in the front of the Capitol, called by him Columbus, who is represented with a globe in his hand, but sometimes called by others, "a man rolling nine-pins." Near to this is a remarkable group by Greenough, where the early settler is struggling with the savage, while opposite to the yard is the statue of Washington by the same artist, which has found little favor because it is nude, but which shows a great mastery of art. There also are the works of Crawford—the alto-relievo which fills the pediment over the great door of the Senate Chamber, and the statue of Liberty which looks down from the top of the dome—attesting a genius that must always command admiration. There are other statues in the building by a living artist. Then there are the bronze doors by Rogers, on which he labored long and well. They belong to a class of which there are only a few specimens in the world and I have sometimes thought they might vie with those famous doors at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the doors of Paradise. Our artist has represented the whole life of Columbus in bronze, while the portraits of contemporary princes, and of the authors who have illustrated the life of the great discoverer add to the completeness of this work of art.

Now, sir, the doors of this Capitol are to open again for the reception of a work of art. It is to be a statue of our martyred President. He deserves a statue, and it should be here in Washington. But

you cannot expect to have even of him more than one statue here in Washington. Such a repetition or reduplication would be out of place. It would be too much. There is one statue of Washington. There is also a statue of Jefferson. I refer to the bronze statue in front of the Executive Mansion by the French sculptor David. There is also one statue of Jackson. It is now proposed to add a statue of Lincoln. I suppose you do not contemplate two statues or three statues, but only one statue. Who now shall make that statue which shall find a place in the national Capitol? Surely whoever undertakes that work must be of ripe genius, with ample knowledge of art and of unquestioned capacity—the whole informed and inspired by a prevailing sympathy with the subject and the cause for which he lived and died. Are you satisfied that this youthful candidate, without ripeness of genius or ample knowledge of art or unquestioned capacity, and not so situated as to feel the inspiration of his life and character, should receive this remarkable trust? She has never made a statue in her life. Shall she experiment on the historic dead and place her experiment under this dome? I am unwilling. When the statue of that beloved President is set up here, where we shall look upon it daily, I wish it to be a work of art in truth and reality, where the living features shall be preserved animated by the living soul, so that we shall all hail it as the man immortal by his life, now doubly immortal through art. Anything short of this, even if it finds a transient resting-place here, will be removed whenever a correct taste asserts its just prerogatives.

Therefore, sir, for the sake of economy, that you may not heedlessly lavish the national treasure; for the sake of this Capitol, itself a work of art, that it may not have anything in the way of ornament which is not a work of art; for the sake of our martyred President, whose statue should be by a finished artist; and for the sake of art throughout the whole country, that we may not set a bad example, I ask you not to pass this resolution. When I speak for art generally I open a tempting theme, but I forbear. Suffice it to say that art throughout the whole country must suffer if Congress crowns with its patronage anything which is not truly artistic. By such patronage you will discourage where you ought to encourage.

MR. PRESIDENT, I make these remarks with sincere reluctance. I am pained to feel obliged to make them, but such an appropriation as this, engineered so vigorously, and having in its support such a concerted strength, must be met plainly and directly. Do not condemn the frankness which you compel. If you wish to bestow a charity or a gift, do it openly, without pretense of any patronage of art or homage to a deceased President. Bring forward your resolution appropriating \$10,000 to this youthful candidate. This I can deal with. I can listen to your argument for charity, and I can assure you that I shall never be insensible to it. But when you propose to pay this large sum for a work of art to be placed in the national Capitol in memory of the illustrious dead, I am obliged to consider the character of the artist you select. I wish it were otherwise, but I cannot help it.

MR. NESMITH. Mr. President, if this was a mere matter of research I should be very much inclined to defer to the judgment of the Senator from Massachusetts, but as it is not, and as it requires no great learning, no particular devotion to reading to discover what is an exact imitation of nature, I claim that my judgment on such a subject is as good as his own. My mind has never been perverted by the extensive reading which the Senator from Massachusetts has had, or by that vast amount of lore in which he is so accomplished, but I claim to be equally as good a judge as he is of any mere matter of art which is an imitation of a natural object. (!)

The first objection that the Senator from Massachusetts presented to this appropriation was on the ground of economy. Sir, it is the first time I ever knew that Senator seized with a costiveness of economy. [Laughter.] It was only last night that we listened to his long diatribes here when four different times called for the yeas and nays upon excessive appropriations to those who are already overpaid, and now he talks about the squandering of the public funds. Sir, there are no public servants in this country but those who are already overpaid, and he objects to this young artist—this young scion of the West, from the same land from which Lincoln came—a young person who manifests intuitive genius, and who is able to copy the works of nature without having perused the immense tomes and the grand volumes of which the Senator may boast—a person who was born and raised in the wilds of the West, and who is able to copy its great works.

Sir, the Senator might have raised the same objec-

tion to Mr. Lincoln, that he was not qualified for the Presidency because his reading had not been as extensive as that of the Senator, or because he had lived among rude and uncultivated society. I claim for this young lady, sprung from a poor family, struggling with misfortune and adversity, that she has developed such natural genius that her talents in this direction should be fostered and cultivated in preference to our giving this work to any foreigner. The Senator from Massachusetts has pandered so long to European aristocracy that he cannot speak of anything that originates in America with common respect. He even refers to our bronze doors which were cast in Munich, and to everything else of foreign production, and he gives no credit to native genius. Why did he not speak of Powers? Why did he not speak of our great American artists? Why is he constantly referring us to Europe?

If this young lady and the works which she has produced had been brought to his notice by some near-sighted, frog-eating Frenchman, with a pair of green spectacles on his nose, the Senator would have said that she was deserving of commendation. If she could have spoken three or four different languages that no body else could have understood, or, perhaps, that neither she nor the Senator could understand, he would vote her \$50,000. [Laughter.] He is a great patron of art, but not a patron of domestic art. He is a patron of foreign art; he is a patron of those who copy and ape European aristocracy, and he does not propose to patronize or encourage the genius which grows up in our own great country, particularly in the wilds of the West.

Here is a young girl of poor parentage, struggling with misfortune, her father a mere clerk in a Department here; and by a casualty, on being introduced into a studio, she manifests great taste and great powers of art, and in the short experience which she has had she has developed wonderful powers in that line. But the Senator from Massachusetts, with all his learning and all his foreign tastes, is unable to appreciate anything of that sort.

Sir, I venture to predict that this young lady will rise to an eminence in the arts, that her works will yet decorate this Capitol, notwithstanding the opposition of the Senator from Massachusetts, who, when she has achieved success, will be among the first to sing paeans to her praise, and I was about to say that his children—but I will take that back, as he has none to speak of, [laughter]—would be among those who would praise her works and would cast a mantle over the proceedings of their recreant father who had refused to recognize native genius and native art. But, sir, as the Senator has remained a bachelor so long, that is a contingency which is not at all likely to occur. [Laughter.]

I say, then, there is nothing in the objection on the score of economy. This young lady deserves to be encouraged. I venture to say that the works she had already produced, which are on exhibition in this Capitol, and particularly the bust of Mr. Lincoln, are unequalled. I challenge the Senator from Massachusetts to produce one of the foreign artists, of whom he boasts so much, who can produce the equal of that bust. I do not pretend to enter into any competition with the Senator from Massachusetts on the subjects of books, but when it comes to matters of natural taste and to forming a judgment in regard to the imitations of natural objects, I assume that my judgment is equal to his. I can tell the height of a mountain, the length of a river, or the meanderings of a trail as well as he can, and I say that my judgment upon those subjects is equal to his. I deprecate his panegyrics upon foreign artists in derogation of those raised in our own country, and particularly those of the great West.

MR. SUMNER. Where have I said anything in praise of a foreign artist in depreciation of the artists of our own country? I have alluded with praise to the artists of our own country.

MR. NESMITH. I heard nothing of that. I heard the Senator speak with particular reference to that door which was cast in Munich.

MR. SUMNER. Which is by a Western artist, Mr. Rogers, reared in the West. I give him praise for what he has done.

MR. NESMITH. It was not cast in the West; it was cast in a foreign country, at Munich. Why could not that door have been made in the United States? I ask the Senator that question. Why should it be necessary to go to a foreign country, even if we produced the genius to mould the door, to produce the model from which it was cast? Why was it necessary to send an order to a foreign country for the production of the door itself? In mechanics and in the arts we are as far advanced as the countries of Europe, and I apprehend there is no reason, except it be the desire to gratify a morbid taste, why we should go to the old countries for these

things. I appeal to Senators on this floor, to those who have natural taste, to those who have an eye for beauty, as I admit the Senator from Massachusetts has not, to support this young lady in her efforts to produce what will be a magnificent statue of Mr. Lincoln.

MR. McDUGALL. Mr. President, I dislike much the term "charity" that is used by the Senator from Massachusetts. It is a word of offence when spoken on such an occasion and about such business—offense to the person who is the subject of our business. This is not charity. It has been the custom of all cultivated States, from old antiquity, through the middle ages, and to the present day, to cultivate high art illustrating their own people and institutions, and to encourage their own home artists. Where high genius is found, it has been the office of great States to cultivate the development of that genius....

It is the policy of this Government, a great Government, to cultivate the same talents in our own country. I am confident that this young lady possesses genius. She has exhibited it. Her bust of Mr. Lincoln is the only one that does justice to him. There are plenty of them about; we have seen hundreds of them, but hers is the only one that has reproduced Mr. Lincoln as he lived. She has had the genius to do it; and it requires genius to do it; and young genius is just as good as old genius, and, sometimes a little better. I believe Napoleon was a genius when he was young; Alexander died when he was young; and a great many other people accomplished great results when they were boys and girls. Pitt when a mere boy, twenty-four years of age, was Prime Minister of England. The idea that because a person is young and has not attended the schools of Germany and France he or she is not fitted for a work of this kind is a notion. On yonder wall [pointing in the direction of the painting of the storming of Chapultepec on the wall leading to the gentlemen's gallery] is a picture painted by a man who never took a lesson in drawing, who never took a lesson in pencilling. He sat alongside of me as a boy at school on the banks of the North river; and he is now acknowledged to be the best battle painter there is in the world.

Several SENATORS. Who is he?

MR. McDUGALL. John Walker, the best battle painter now living, who painted the storming of Chapultepec on yonder wall. Though he never had a drawing-lesson, he drew and painted admirably when he was a boy. These things come by the force of innate consciousness and by the power of giving expression to that innate consciousness. This young lady is undoubtedly a lady of marked genius; and she has proved, so far as the bust is concerned, that she has produced the best likeness of Lincoln of any person that has attempted it. I have the right to say so, because I was perhaps better acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in his lifetime than any gentleman on this floor: he was a companion of mine many years ago, with whom I was long familiar. I had not been satisfied with any attempt to reproduce his features till I saw the bust produced by this lady. She had achieved a success, showing that she has true genius; and if she is young the better for her. In five years more she will be as great a genius as she ever will be, no matter how long she may live. "Whom the gods love die young."

(To be Continued.)

Music Abroad.

Paris.

THE OPERA COMIQUE, says *Le Menestrel*, "has always had a foible for brigands: *Zampa*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Scopetto* in *La Sirene*, *Marco Spada*, *Lara*,—fifty brigands of the second or third rank, have had their day upon its play-bills." The last novelty in this line is "*Jose Maria*," a comic opera in three acts by M. Jules Cohen, the libretto by MM. Cormon and Meilhac. A correspondent of the *Orchestra* (July 25th) says of it:

The scene is laid in Mexico; *Mazatlan* being the exact locality. The inhabitants of this place are in great dread of a certain band of robbers headed by *Jose Maria*, who is said to indulge in continual raids in the neighborhood, and intends favoring *Mazatlan* with a visit. The local authorities are on the quiver, and the troops are under arms day and night. The fact of the matter is that *Jose Maria* does not exist at all. He is the invention of a comic smuggler (*Dinero*), who, whenever he wants to "run" his goods, gives the governor of the town, *El Senor Corregia*, information that the bandits have been seen in a direction quite opposed to his own line of opera-

tions; and so the Governor and all his suite start off and leave *Dinero* to quietly work his business, while the others are engaged in their wild goose chase. *Corregia* has a nephew, *Don Fabio*, who has lost all his fortune at play, and is looking out for a *parti* sufficiently rich to set him up again. He has rendered an important service to *Dona Armero*, a rich and lovely widow, and she, out of gratitude to the uncle, consents to marry the nephew. But after her promise is given the widow begins to repent, and she finds out that "'tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be;" for during her walks she has met with a gallant and sentimental tenor, who vows to pass his life in watching over her days, and tells her that if any danger should be imminent he will be her "Fechter," and always arrive in time to say "I am here." *Carlos*, for that is the gentleman's name, restores a bracelet she had lost some days before, sings her the usual "Adieu, madame," on hearing that she has given her promise to *Don Fabio*, and must keep her word, and takes his leave. But he obtains access to the apartments while *Dona Armero* is at a ball, and on her return she finds him there. Scene of distress; a threat to call assistance prevented by *Carlos*, who, in the usual *Fra Diavolo* style, cuts the bell ropes and locks the doors. He wishes to treat her with every possible respect, and, to prove it, threatens to kill her if she does not tell him where her fortune is concealed. After a long scene of reproach, &c., *Carlos* obtains the porte-feuille of the now ruined lady, and jumps out of the window. The news of the robbery causes the greatest consternation. *Corregia* and *Don Fabio* are furious, and the latter returns the *Dona Armero's* promise to marry him as soon as he finds out that she has lost her fortune. The Governor charges his private secretary with the instruction of the affair, and *Dona Armero* is astonished to find that he is no other but her brigand of the last night's adventure. Everything is explained, *Carlos* is the son of a high personage, and the lovers are united.

M. Cohen is young and rich; he is a thorough musician, and obtained the highest nominations at the Conservatoire when the Concours were of a much more serious nature than at present. His list of honors comprises Solfege, 1st prize, 1847; Piano ditto, 1850; Organ, ditto, 1852; and Counterpoint and Fugue (under Halévy), 1854. M. Cohen has composed many detached pieces, masses, &c.; the choruses to *Athalie*, an opera-comique, "*Maitre-Claude*," which had a fair run in 1860, and the work under notice. The character of his writing is a la Auber, and is sometimes, in fact, a complete imitation not only of the style but of the phrases of that distinguished composer. In the overture a fine passage for the violoncello is to be noticed. In Act I. we have a chorus for men's voices, written, probably, with a view to the Orphéon. It is sonorous—in fact, all M. Cohen's *cors* are sonorous—sometimes too much so. Then come a good baritone song, with a sort of "echo" chorus, nicely written, and producing good effect; a charming Romance for the tenor (*Carlos*), his *Adieu, Madame*, and a pretty ballet to conclude. The best parts of Act II. are, a duet for *Dinero* and the *soubrette*—I forget her name, but she has nothing to do with the action of the piece, and is introduced because M. Ponchard, on account of his position in the theatre, must marry somebody. Then a romance and allegro for tenor, effective enough. The finale is weak. In the last act a fine duet for *Dona Armero* and *Carlos* is the most important number. The others require no particular mention. The execution was fair. M. Montaubry *Carlos*, and M^{me}. Galle-Marie (*Dona Armero*) shared the honors; though the latter was scarcely at home in the rôle; "*Character*" parts in the tragic parts, witness the Page in "*Lara*," and the *Bohemienne* in "*Fior d'Aliza*," suit her much better. M. Melchisedech, *Don Fabio*, was well received; a careful study of the Use Of The Legs would improve him. MM. Ponchard, as *Dinero*, and Nathan (*Corregio*) and M^{lle}. Belia completed the cast. *Somme toute*, without being a great success M. Cohen's opera is well written, full of melody, and often effective; if he will only have the kindness to be rather independent in his ideas, and think for himself, the result of his excellent training and the natural musicianly qualities he possesses will be, that we shall have one more "serious" composer to add to our list.

The annual competitions in the various classes of the Conservatoire have occupied much of the past month. Heroic tests of zeal and patience on the part of judges and professors! Old M. Auber, for instance, heard the same solfeggio sung 121 times by the future Damoreaus, Nourrits, &c. And the correspondent above quoted says:

To tell you the truth, I'm knocked up, having

spent the last ten days at the Conservatoire, listening to singers, comedians, pianists, &c., of "high and low degree:" and I am still under the influence of the Concours de piano which came off yesterday, and we had the pleasure (?) of listening to the fifteen gentlemen who played Herz's 5th Concerto, and the thirty-one ladies who favored us with Hummel's ditto in A flat. To-day we have Opera Comique, next the Violin, Opera, and Wind Instruments; I trust all will be over at the end of the week.

GRAND OPERA. The last weeks of July offered nothing new or out of the usual round of pieces:—*Roland à Roncevaux*, *L'Africaine*, the *Tronatore*, *Diavolina*, *La Juive*, &c. But Gluck's *Alceste* was in rehearsal, to be brought out by the middle of August.

The THEATRE LYRIQUE was to reopen on the 1st of August. The expenses of the first days were to be met by some favorite operas, particularly *Don Giovanni*, sung by the artists who have recently "created" (!) Mozart's masterwork with such éclat at that theatre. M. Carvalho retains his popular singers of last winter: Mmes. Carvalho, Chardon-Demeur, Nilsson, MM. Monjaux, Michot, Ismaël, Lutz, Dapassio, Troy, &c. "The new engagements are Cazaux, basso, whose fine voice and talent shone at the Grand Opera; and the tenor Jaulin, a powerful, sympathetic voice, precious singer for the mixed style so successfully cultivated at the Lyrique. The manager is also in treaty with Mlle. Hebbe, a Swedish singer, who has made her reputation in Germany; with the sisters Cornélis, remarkable young soprano and mezzosoprano; and Mlle. Schroeder, a pupil of Mme. Viardot, who, it is thought, will make a sensation." The list of pieces promised includes the following old favorites: *Faust*, *La Reine Topaze*, *Mirabelle*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *La Flûte enchantée*, *Don Juan*, *Martha*, *Oberon*, *Les Noces de Figaro*, *Freyshütz*, &c. And there are hints of rare novelties not yet named.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1866.

Haydn's Music.

It is easily characterized.

1. He is remarkable for the perfection of style; for neatness and elegance in all the details, happy arrangement, and perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. He is the Addison of music, only a great deal more. He is the most genial, popular, least strange of all composers; no wonder the French call him "that great man." All those who enjoy clear writing, who love to see everything accomplished with the limits of graceful certainty, feel as safe with Haydn as the scholar with his Cicero and Virgil. We say of him, "that is music," in the sense in which we say "that's English." Whatever thought he had (and he had many), it came out whole and clear; it suffered nothing in the statement. He understood the nature of instruments so well, that they blended as unobtrusively in his symphonies as individuals in the best-bred company. How nicely he adjusts the matter between melody and harmony! The harmony gives out melody as a mass of glowing coals gives out light, wandering flame upon the surface; it is all one fire. Haydn's music is (so to speak) easily understood. It keeps the mind awake, like lively, easy conversation; but does not task the brain, does not excite any longing which it cannot satisfy. Hence it is perfection itself to those who want nothing deeper; and it can never be otherwise than agreeable to those who do. Its charm is infallible as far as it goes.

2. What we next remark is its sunny, healthful, cheerful character. It is the happy warbling of the bird building its nest. It is not the deepest of music; but is welcome to every one as the morning carol of the lark. It has not the tragic pathos of Mozart and Bellini; nor the yearnings and uncontainable rhapsodies of Beethoven.

But it is good for the deep-minded sometimes to leave brooding and speculating, and for the sentimental to flee the close air of their sad sympathies, and rising with the lark some bright, cool morning, go forth and become all sensation, and enjoy the world like a child. Such a morning walk is an emblem of Haydn. The world is fresh and glittering with dew, and there is no time but morning, no season but spring to the feelings which answer to his music. He delivers us from ourselves into the hands of Nature; and restores us to that fresh sense of things we had before we had thought too long, or worked ourselves into that morbid and intense self-consciousness when our eyes seem actually to burn into everything they look at—when we accept no one's action simply, without asking the intention, and see no fresh bloom of beauty from too clear sight of the skeleton beneath. Quick, versatile, elastic, graceful, expressing himself fluently, he is the Mercury among the musical gods. Beethoven called himself the Bacchus, who presses out the wine of inspiration for his brother mortals. Handel's was the strength and serenity of Jove; (and this recalls what Mozart said of him: "When he pleases, he strikes like a thunderbolt.") Mozart may pass for the Orpheus who moved the stones to sympathy. One function of Hermes, however, Haydn has not—that of conducting souls to the mysterious other world. He loves this earth too well; in the sunny present he rejoices, and has none of the yearnings or superstitious forebodings of the heart. He sings always one tune, let him vary it as he will, namely the worth and beauty of the moment, the charm of reality, the admirable fitness and harmony of things. Not what the soul aspires after, but what it finds, he celebrates; not our insatiable capacities, but our present wealth. Surprise and gratitude and lively appreciation for ever new beauties and blessings—a mild and healthful exhilaration—just the state of his own Adam and Eve in Paradise!

He knows not how to be sad. He listens to the nightingale more like a curious school-boy, than like a lover who thinks that the grove has caught the melody of his own secret, dainty sorrow. Hence he never succeeded in dramatic music, though he composed many operas. Of course he includes the shades as well as the lights of the landscape in his picture. Still it is a landscape. The glooms and storms of human life are painted like the glooms and storms of nature. Sentiment and passion and mystery all make parts of one cheerful picture. He describes a passion, but does not express it. This must be said even of his "Canzonets," which he composed in England, and in which he seems almost to have stepped upon the brink of a new and deeper element. "She never told her love,"—"Recollection,"—"Fidelity,"—"Despair," &c., are exquisitely drawn, and deeply shaded; most natural transitions into some of the darker keys of the music of life; but we feel how easily we may pass out again. His melancholy amounts to hardly more than regret, and a sort of serious musing upon happy times gone by. "Pleasing pain," might be the title of all, as well as one of these songs. His deep and sad strains are only minor variations of a happy tune, little cloud shadows on a sunny meadow. "O, tuneful voice," seems, in its form and style, to have suggested Beethoven's "Adelaide"; but the one is only a sober pause to catch the echo of retreating joys; the other wakes all our longing for the unattainable.

Haydn's, therefore, is the music of one who loves nature; of one alive to every impression. In his music every thought acquires the grace of form, the richness and delicacy of coloring, with which every object blends into nature. He could not do a thing ungracefully, any more than a Greek; though he has a wanton, frolic vein, and can sometimes paint a rout of drunken satyrs as well as a choir of nymphs. But in his love of nature, nature plays a much greater part than he himself. Nature is more than the observer. He loses himself in his sights and sounds; gives himself up to sensations, and the simple feelings they awaken; but does not, like Lear, impress his own mood upon the elements.

Is not his great work, then, the true exponent of his genius? Was he not the very man to compose the music of the "Creation;" to carry us back to the morning of the world, and recount the wonders which surround us, with a childlike spirit? Is it not his art to brighten up the faded miracle of common things; to bathe our wearied senses, and restore the fevered nerve of sight for us, so that we may see things fresh and wonderful, and a "new-created world" may rise amid the "despairing, cursing" of the falling evil spirits that confuse and blind us.

The Operas in Vogue in European Theatres.

The Leipzig *Signale* has adopted the practice of presenting every week, in parallel columns, a comparative view of the doings in the principal Opera houses and concert rooms of Germany, London, Paris, Brussels, &c. The list of operas performed is interesting and instructive as to the taste and fashion of the day. It shows what old operas wear the best; how real genius holds its own; where Verdi & Co. find the most willing audience, and where Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber; whether the great ship *L'Africaine* be still afloat, and what sort of headway Richard Wagner's "Art-work of the Future" seems to be making; how far the taste runs to light and sparkling and how far to serious musical drama; whether sensational and sentimental music, stunning music of "effect," elaborate, showy combinations on a great scale, have yet destroyed the charm of genuine, genial, sincere classical creations of genius. Of course, we need to compare repertoires over a pretty long period, to read the signs conclusively. This we may undertake to do some day; it would cost too much labor now. But we propose to bring together what these lists afford us for a single month; we think it will interest the opera-going American reader.

Here then are the operas performed during the month from the 20th of May to the 20th of June last (or thereabouts) in several of the leading theatres.

BERLIN, (Royal Opera.) *Oberon*, *Fra Diavolo*, Auber's *Le Maçon*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Tannhäuser*, *Musaniello*, *Le Prophète*, *La Dame Blanche*, Cherubini's *Wasserträger*. These operas, all sung in German, alternated with ballets, "Flick and Flock," &c., which are in several acts, occupying a whole evening, composed mostly by the old Taglioni, and in music scenery, costume, dancing and the combination of all æsthetic graces, are quite as important works of Art as many of the fashionable operas of the day. During some seasons, the German operas at this theatre, given by its own company of singers, have alternated with Italian opera by an Italian troupe. Certainly the above list speaks well for fidelity to the immortal master works.

DRESDEN, (Royal Opera.) Adam's *Postilion du Lonjumeau*, Auber's *Les Fées*; Freyschütz; Maillart's *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*; Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris"; Bellini's *Montecchi e Cupuletti*; "Wanda," by Doppler (twice); *Lucia di Lammermoor*; *La Dame Blanche*; *Le Part du Diable*, Auber (twice); Mozart's *Zauberflöte* and *Don Juan*. Here too all in German, Gluck and Mozart balancing or rather ballasting—a generous share of light French music.

VIENNA, (Royal Opera.) *L'Italiana in Algeri*, Rossini (twice); "Barber of Seville"; Gounod's "Faust"; *Figlia del Reggimento*; *L'Afri-*

caine; *L'Elisir d'Amore*. (The latter half of the list is not found).

HANNOVER. Kreutzer's "Night in Granada"; *Il Trovatore*; *L'Africaine* (twice).—Last half of May only).

MUNICH. (Royal and National Theatre). Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*; *Massaniello* (3); Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*; Halevy's "Jewess"; "Freyschütz"; Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; *Robert le Diable*—(one week wanting.)

STUTTGART. (For the month of May). Meyerbeer's *Robert and Huguenots*; Kreutzer's "Night in Granada"; Weber's *Freyschütz* and *Oberon*; "Faust"; "Lucrezia Borgia"; *Trovatore*; "Astorga", new German opera, by Abert.

LEIPZIG (little old Stadt—or Town Theatre). Operas in June: *L'Africaine*, 3 times; "Huguenots"; *La Dame Blanche* (with Roger for tenor); Lortzing's "Czar and Carpenter"; *Robert le Diable*; *Fra Diavolo*, twice; "Massaniello." All in German.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN (Stadttheater). Spohr's "Jessonda"; *L'Africaine*, 4 times; *La Dame Blanche*; "A Night in Granada"; Mozart's *Figaro*; Mendelssohn's *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*; Adam's *Postillon*; "Freyschütz"; "Martin the Fiddler," comic operetta by Offenbach; Rossini's "William Tell."—These in the month of May.

CARLSRUHE AND BADEN-BADEN (Grand Ducal Theatre). In May: "Huguenots"; "L'Africaine"; Nicolai's "Merry Wives"; "Zauberflöte"; "Night in Granada"; "Der Freyschütz"; *Le Part du Diable*, and *Le Domino Noir*, Auber; "The Swiss Family," by Weigl.

DARMSTADT (Grand Ducal Theatre). In two weeks: "Faust", "Sicilian Vespers", Verdi; *Freyschütz*; "Massaniello"; *L'Africaine* (for the 21st time); "Daughter of the Regiment"; "Huguenots."

BRUSSELS (Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie). Last half of May: *Robert le Diable*, *L'Africaine*, 4 times; *La Reine Topaze*, by Massé, (twice); "Quentin Durward," by Gevaert; *Zampa*, Herold.

STOCKHOLM. In April and May: *La Poupée de Nuremberg*, by Adam; "Norma"; "Dame Blanche"; "Faust"; *Czar und Zimmermann*; *Prophète*; *Huguenots*; *Zauberflöte*; *Ernani*; Wagner's "Rienzi"; "Oberon"; "Freyschütz."

PARIS (Grand Opera); *L'Africaine*, 4 times; *Trovatore*, 3 times; *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, by Auber, twice; *Le Prophète*, 3 times; *Robert le Diable*. Besides various ballets. *Toujours Meyerbeer* and Verdi!—OPERA COMIQUE: *Voyage en Chine*, by Bazin, 12 times; *Le Précaux Clercs*, Harold, 4 times; *Les Absens*, Poise; *L'Ambassadeur*, Auber, 4; *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, Boieldieu, 3; *Fille du Regiment*, Donizetti, 2; *La Dame Blanche*, 3; *Le Châlet*, Adam, 4; *Flotow's Züla*, 8 times; Gounod's *Colombe*, 3; *Fior d'Aliza*, by Massé; *Les Noces de Jeanette*, Massé; *Le Domino noir*, Auber.—THEATRE LYRIQUE: *Don Juan* of Mozart, 15 times; *L'Alcalde*, Uzeppy; *Le Roi Candaule*, by Diaz; *Le Cousin Babylas*, by Caspers; Nicolai's "Merry Wives," 5; Mozart's "Magie Flute"; *Rigoletto*, 3; *Les Drages de Suzette*, by Salomon, 3; *Le Sorcier*, by Marcelli, 3.

LONDON (Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden): *Norma*, 3 times; *Il Barbiere*, 2; *L'Africaine*, 2; "Huguenots"; *Lucrezia Borgia*, 3; Gounod's *Faust*; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 2; *Don Giovanni*; *Fra Diavolo*, 3; *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Verdi; Meyerbeer's "Star of the North"; Donizetti's *La Favorita*; Verdi's *La Traviata*.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris, twice; *Lucia*; *Sonnambula*; "Huguenots," 2; "Dinorah," 5; *Der Freyschütz*, 2; "Magie Flute," 2; "Don Giovanni"; "Oberon," 2; "Norma."

No account is taken of Italy in the reports from which we have condensed the above. Nor need there be. There it is ever the same story everywhere. Very little of Rossini, their great man of genius; very much of Verdi, with only

more of the same harping there is everywhere on the old strings of Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante; hosts of new native operas, a dozen or so new aspirants being announced for every Carnival and never heard of afterwards; a few dips into Meyerbeer, Flotow, &c., and once in a while, but rarely, *Don Giovanni*. Music with the Italians seems to have run into temperament; the sensibility is common to the race; all love sweet melodies and phrases, catch them, sing and hum and whistle them; but this love is content with mere melodic common-places and effective turns made for the singers to show off their voices. As to composition, there is endless echoing, working over (*rifacimento*) of the same stock of melodic ideas, with thin clothing of harmony, or loud effect (a sort of gas-light intensity), while the day of real genial creation, fine imaginative genius like Rossini's, or even Bellini's, seems to have passed. We trust it will revive with the new life of a free Italy!

The Louisville Saenger-Fest.

This festival, more than any before, was participated in by Americans as well as Germans. Mr. Guenther, who would have been the Musical Director, had he not come to an untimely death by an accident, a distinguished teacher of music in Louisville and leader of the Philharmonic Society. His practice was almost exclusively among the aristocracy; and the position he was to hold during the festival did much to secure very liberal subscriptions from the leading Americans of the city. Thus the local committee was enabled not only to pay \$13,000 for a Fest-Halle, built in a splendid location, and large enough to hold 5000 persons; but also to entertain all singers from abroad in such a manner that few complaints, if any, were heard; besides many other liberal arrangements. This says a great deal. The participation in the exercises, so far as the buying of tickets, personal attendance, and encouraging applause were concerned, could not have been better. The result was a great success, general satisfaction, and a stimulus given to the musical world of Louisville which will be felt for years. We are convinced that these festivals will become a settled custom the more all people—Germans and Americans—can participate not only in giving money and listening, but in singing.

2. The Orchestra of Louisville, although inferior to those of New York, Boston and Chicago, performed its part very creditably. The necessary substitution of a strange director and two other time-beaters for Mr. Günther was a calamity. Mr. Sobolewski, of St. Louis, is an experienced and energetic leader, who in his zeal sometimes forgets to dress his well meant remarks in a polite form. Condensing rehearsals and concert executions into the short space of four days, was quite a burden to some performers. If human nature is made responsible for the good behavior of a reed or brass instrument during six or seven hours a day in a hall packed full, and under a sun with 100 degrees in the shade, is it a wonder if the genius of music takes to his wings, and patience ceases to be a virtue?

3. The programme for the Prize concert was, and could not but be a failure. Nineteen societies had to sing on one evening. The order was given by the wheel. Those whose lot sent them to sing in the second part of the concert, were too exhausted by the heat and excitement to do themselves justice. The patience of a over-crowded house, the fashion and beauty of Louisville, sitting for three hours to enjoy and cheer the singers, was unparalleled.

4. The grand main concert produced on the whole a very fine effect. There were soul-stirring strains, which will linger long with those who felt them. We are not inclined to find fault with the selection of pieces. The responsible parties did undoubtedly their best. The pieces had been printed and—although at the eleventh hour—sent to all societies who wanted them. But we must find fault with the behavior of some societies, which had practiced these choruses not at all, or but imperfectly, or whose members during the general rehearsal were loitering about town, or sitting quietly in the hall, or cooling themselves by imbibing lager. In our vicinity there were among twenty singers not one who could, or did sing the chorus parts with precision, firmness and a loud voice. The orchestra had to suffer severely for the musical sins of the vocalists. If the total effect was fine, it could have been made sublime, if all the better singers had put their shoulders to the wheel and done their part. But the prize singing was over, and those one-horse singers cared little for

the main cause of the festival after their society-pride had had its acknowledgment.

5. Would it not be well in one of the next meetings to secure the execution of some Oratorio or Mass? Few singers in the country have a chance to become much acquainted with such masterworks. The presence of ladies would be an addition not to be despised, and the engagement of some eminent singers in the land for the solo parts would prove a stimulus to many.

6. The local committee deserves, and has no doubt received the warmest thanks for the untiring perseverance, the perfect order and system, and the winning good nature with which the programme was carried out. How much labor, loss of time, and mutual forbearance is required to carry such a festival to a successful end, can only be known by one who has been "through the mill."

CHS. A.
Chicago, Aug. 12.

RISTORI. The arrival of this great tragedienne is awaited with rare interest. Mr. Grau has engaged her for a series of 120 performances in the United States and Havana; and our readers hereabouts will be glad to know that he has made arrangements for nine representations at the Boston Theatre in the two weeks beginning with the 29th of October. We had the good luck to see her once (in Strasburg) in her great part of Maria Stuart, and shall count it ever among the golden recollections. It was indeed great acting. Not perhaps the Rachel kind of power of entering into and creating characters of evil; not that demoniac intensity of genius, so cold, remote, as well as greatly imaginative; but more of the charm of womanly feeling, dignity and beauty. The utmost refinement and the truest fervor. And the precision, the richness, the musical, heart quality of speech seemed something wonderful in her. One could almost understand her without knowing the Italian. Her fellow actors in the piece, all Italian, were each and all excellent, and we see that "her entire company of celebrated artists" are to come here with her.

PARLOR OPERA. It seems we are to have opera on a small scale next season in the Boston Music Hall, on alternate Thursday evenings, beginning Nov. 8. Mr. PECK, superintendent of the Hall, has charge of the business. Mr. WHITING, organist at King's Chapel, will direct the orchestra of sixteen musicians; and Dr. C. A. GUILMETTE will be vocal director and stage manager. The opening piece will be *Don Pasquale*, the four characters of which will be sustained by Miss Fanny Riddell, Mr. James Whitney, Mr. Rudolphsen and Dr. Guilmette. Mrs. H. M. Smith is announced for the next opera in course. Here certainly is fine opportunity for our native singers who have also talent for the stage, and we see not why it should not be made attractive and rewarding.

"BEGG"-ING THE QUESTION: We see notice in English literary journals of a new book entitled: "The use of Organs and other Instruments of Music in Christian Worship Indefensible, &c." By JAMES BEGG, D.D. (Edinburgh: McPhun & Son.)—Possibly, as the name of the publishers would seem to hint, the book is only an attempt to make fun of the Scotch bugbear, and this oracular sublime Dr. Begg may be a fictitious personage, himself a pure invention of the devil.

Music was not always such a bugbear in Scotland. An article in the July number of *Good Words* on "Vocal Music in the Olden Time" has the following passage:

In England in the sixteenth century music was regarded as an essential part of a polite education. Thus in an imaginary conversation we find the following recorded: "Supper being ended, and musick books (according to the custom) being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I pretended unfainly that I could not, every one began to wonder! Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance I goe now to seeke out mine old friend Master Gnorinus, to make myself his scholar." From Thomas Morley's "Playne and Easy Introduction to Practicall Musicke," 1597. But this pleasing little picture of social life, we imagine, represents what was then passing not in the cottage of the peasant, not even in the farm-steading, but rather in the manse and the mansion. At the same time we must not forget how common were the art and practice of psalm singing during Reformation times, when, as we are told, it was nothing unusual to hear 6,000 persons at St. Paul's Cross all singing psalms. Neither was Scot-

land behind in this respect; for Calderwood informs us that, on the return of a banished minister (Rev. Mr. Durie) to Edinburgh in 1582, he was met at Leith Pier by several hundred persons, who, increasing to some two thousand as they went on marching up the High Street of Edinburgh, singing the 124th Psalm,

"Now Israel may say,
And that truly."

"in such a pleasant tune in four parts known to most part of the people, that coming up the street all bare-headed till they entered in the kirk, with such a great sound and majestic, that it moved both themselves and all the huge multitude of the beholders looking out at the shots and over-stairs, with admiration and astonishment." It is also an undoubted historical fact that, for several centuries, and even down to so recent a time as the year 1750, song schools existed in the chief towns of Scotland, where music, both vocal and instrumental, formed as regular a part of education to the sons of country gentry and town's burgesses as the classics. By-and-by, however, the public taste changed, and these institutions declined and vanished; and doubtless the musical degeneracy of Scotland is closely connected with this fact. By long disuse the musical faculty was believed to be lost, though not so much in England as in Scotland, on account of her Church possessing a more musical service.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.—The following extract is from a private letter addressed to a friend in England by Mr. Thayer, respecting Dr. Nohl's recently published edition of "Beethoven's Letters":—

"The last new thing in the multiplying Beethoven literature is a volume of Letters, edited by Ludwig Nohl, of Munich. I wish I could send you a copy, not for the value of the work, but that you might see for yourself the manner in which it is put together, and that you might read the wonderful preface. The familiarity which you acquired with German musical literature, in those years when we knew each other in Berlin, would enable you to appreciate this queer specimen of German profundity. Nohl begins his 'Introductory Preface' (*Einleitendes Wort*) thus: 'In accompanying the present first complete edition (*Gesammtausgabe*) of Beethoven's Letters with a few introductory words, I do not need, in the first place, to deny that the creation of the collection has cost no small sacrifice.' He however confesses, on the next page, that it cannot be hoped that this 'complete' collection can be supposed to be anything like complete. And in this he is most decidedly in the right. My own collection contains over three hundred letters not in his book, while his—amounting, with those in the Appendix, to only 411—has about seventy numbers not in mine. And of these seventy most of them are unimportant notes, often of but three or four lines, from the papers of the lately-deceased Anton Schindler. Many of his numbers are but short extracts from letters, of which my copies are complete; and by far the greater part have been collected from printed books and periodicals. Moreover, Prof. Jahn, of Bonn, has still many neither known to Nohl nor myself. So much for the completeness of the collection. But the want of completeness I care little for, being thankful for any additions to my stock of knowledge; and, as above said, I find some seventy notes or letters which are new. What does offend me is this, that in his notes and remarks there is nothing usually to distinguish what is founded upon direct proof and what is merely his private opinion—hypothesis—guess-work. And so many grave errors strike me in glancing through these pages, that I lose all confidence in the editor. There are a few—some of little, others of more importance, but all alike showing the want of due care in the preparation of the notes. No. 11. 'In possession of Artaria, in Vienna.' Not so; the original is in the Imperial Library. No. 13. Beethoven speaks of 'one of his youthful friends'; and Nohl writes 'Stephan von Breuning'; he might have added 'Query?' at least. I consider his supposition here entirely wrong, as where a few lines lower he writes 'Zmeskall.' No. 15. The well-known letter to Julia Guicciardi (in the English life of Beethoven, edited by Moscheles, pg. 104—5) has a note in which occurs the following passage: 'In the first place, it is certain—and, indeed, after the church register that Alex. Thayer has seen in Vienna—that Julia had already married Count Gallenberg in 1801.' Now, Alex. Thayer never told Nohl any such thing. He told him that, in his opinion, the true date of these 'Julia' letters is 1801; and any number of the Gotha *Gräfliches Kalender* for the last fifty years would give Nohl the date of Gallenberg's marriage as November, 1803. No. 26 is the remarkable testament (in the English biography, pp. 80 et seq.). Nohl remarks that the

suppression of the name of the brother Johann in the address of this document was, by its original editor, in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, because that brother was then still living. In fact, it was suppressed simply because Beethoven himself suppressed it in the original. No. 43. Note to Rökel (printed p. 94, in the margin of the English edition). Nohl gives the date 1805, and make it refer to the performance of *Fidelio*. He is wrong on both points. No. 50. Date, according to Nohl, 1808; the aria spoken of, according to him, 'Ah, perfido;' the occasion, Beethoven's concert in the Meden Theatre. On all these points he is wrong. No. 112—which is here addressed to Count Moritz Liechnowsky, and dated 1813 or 1814—is the same as No. 98 in my *Verzeichniss* of Beethoven's works. It was written to Zmeskall; and the date should be 1802. But enough on this matter."

ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

THE NEW ORGAN. The *Independent* says: The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has become pastor of a new organ. It stands behind his pulpit, towering up to the ceiling, and looking like a church within a church. Its black-walnut columns, its steel-colored pipes, its architectural carvings, its huge size, present a striking contrast to the impoverished piece of white paint and dingy gilding which constituted the old instrument. The great Boston organ set all the good folk of that Puritan city agog for two or three months. The citizens of Brooklyn are now in a corresponding temper of town-talk and local pride. We ourselves became badly touched with the infection. Before hearing the living voice of the dead creature, we clambered into its bowels. What a museum! It looked like a many-walled bazaar of tin-trumpets and kite-strings! In and out, up and down, we wound our way through the thicket of mechanism, notwithstanding the polite grumblings of the organist, just audible from the outside, who insisted that those rambles within would be shaking dust down his just-tuned pipes. But the irresistible committee of members of the press were not thus to be whistled off the scent. So we sat down like travelers in a cave, to survey the stalactites. But the more we studied the intricate thing the less we understood it. Finally, we discontinued our inquiries, and lapsed into bewilderment. Emerging abashed into the choir-gallery, the impatient gentleman at the keyboard blew a blast on all his trumpets, which, if we had only heard it on the inside, might have stunned us as much as the call for the Philadelphia Convention. Afterward we heard an hour's playing—a mingled jangling and ravishment—a wonderful exhibition of the power and majesty, the pathos and sweetness, of musical sounds. Several learned descriptions of this cathedral of noises have appeared in print—descriptions which, thus far, have baffled and confused, rather than enlightened, our minds. At present, all we clearly know of our new organ is that Mr. Hook made it, Mr. Wilcox played it, and we heard it. But we propose, when the public mind of Brooklyn shall become a little more calm on the subject, to choose some scientific person with a literary turn of mind, and request him to fix upon a cool day, and write up the organ handsomely for our readers. Meanwhile, the *vox angelica*, the *tuba mirabilis*, the *viola da gamba*, the *flute harmonique* may lull themselves into such quiet rest during the summer vacation that doubtless in September the new organ will be old enough to have become the haunt of church spiders and religious mice.

REV. J. H. HEYWOOD made a very fine speech at the Saengerbund picnic in Louisville, Ky., before an immense gathering of people, most of whom were Germans. He closed by saying:

"Here you will work with us to make our Fatherland a glorious commonwealth, consecrated to universal freedom; where man, as man, shall have every opportunity and incentive for full development—a genuine republic diviner than dawned on Plato's mind; made beautiful by art and graceful festivity; freed from discord and harmonized into celestial symmetry by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, strains richer and deeper than those Amphion strains, at which the city of old rose in grace and beauty.

"And be it our purpose, Germans and Americans, German-Americans and American-Germans, in accordance with the great ideas common to us and infinitely dear, while working for our beloved countries to do all in our power for universal humanity; to cause the earth to be felt, by all of human kind, as a Fatherland, our Father's land where all, united in brotherly love, and carrying out the Saviour's golden rule, shall rejoice in hope, and all kindreds and people shall form a grand Maennerchor—a world-embracing Liederkrantz, whose harmonies shall thrill and gladden the universe."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- O wert thou in the cauld blast. Song. Mendelssohn. 30
Already familiar to most singers as a duet, but it is now published as a song, and does not lose anything by the new arrangement, and will be a welcome gift to all lovers of Mendelssohn's songs.
- Come sing with me. Song. A. Leduc. 30
Very pretty melody, twining around a simple story about the freed bird and his song.
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A most beautiful trio, or "terzettino," for Soprano, Tenor, and Bass. With the Italian words, it is a prayer to the Virgin. With the English, it is a fine sacred piece for any use. Somewhat difficult. Key of E.
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- I would that my love. do. 40
- Hunting Song. (Jagd-lied.) do. 40
Well known as glees, or four part songs, in which form they are perfect in their way; but as four persons are not always at hand to sing them, it is a convenience to have the present arrangement, which retains all the melodious effect, and only loses in power.

Instrumental.

- Orphée aux Enfers. Fantasia brillante. S. Smith.
The operetta mentioned, is a very brilliant and mirth-provoking little thing, describing the descent of Orpheus into the "shades," in what A. Ward styles a "cheerful" manner. The melodies are very bright, and are none the dimmer for Sydney S.'s handling. Moderately difficult.
- Sicily. Quadrille. C. D'Albert. 40
Very brilliant, quite original, and not difficult.
- Don Juan. "Moisson d'Or." Alberti. 20
Fading, still fading. (Crown Jewels No. 12.) Baumbach. 40
A graceful rendering of "The last ray is shining," &c. Not difficult.
- Silver Ripples. Waltz. Illustrated title. Coote. 75
Elegant music, in the fashionable waltz style, and has a fine picture on the title page. A good piece for the first one in a bound book of music.
- La Belle Helene, by Offenbach, arr. by Strauss. 50
Powerful and brilliant.
- Sentiment for Piano. D. Kern. 35
A sentimental sentiment, prettily varied.
- Zephyr Waltz. L. H. Hatch. 30
- Amusement Schottisch. E. W. Parker. 30

Books.

THE ORGAN MANUAL; for the use of Amateurs and Church Committees; containing Directions and information to persons desirous of purchasing an Organ, and to enable organists to rectify ciphering, and other simple casualties, without sending for an organ-builder; to which is added, a brief history and description of the construction of an organ. By Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M. A. 75

Mr. N., an English clergyman who has recently arrived among us, has packed, in this little book, the greatest quantity of useful information about the organ that could be inserted. It is the handiest book for the purposes specified, that has been published. In the appendix, an interesting description of Reed Organs may be found.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

